

THE LIBERATOR.
No Union with Slaveholders.

BOSTON, JULY 21, 1854.

FIRST OF AUGUST.

the affairs of our country; and judging from their late developments, their influence could only be for evil.

It is well for freedom that there is ever springing up a youthful race buoyant with hope of the future, and in nowise depressed by the disappointments which cast a shadow in the path of experience.

I now feel more assured than ever, that Irishmen need a much nobler teaching than they have yet received. Too many of them are degrading their country in America, by their unjust treatment of their colored fellow-citizens. We shall not be deserving the blessing of perfect liberty, until we feel in our souls that all men are alike entitled to its enjoyment.

Having been instrumental in obliging Messrs. Mitchell and Meagher to exhibit themselves in their true colors, I now leave them to the judgment of mankind. If I wished them ill—which I do not—I could not desire to place them in a more unenviable position than they have placed themselves. Let them, if they would sink themselves even lower, pursue their ignoble work of teaching Ireland that hatred of England is more worthy to be cherished in this world than a host of aristocratic misgovernments or oppressions; because freedom, and the right to its blessings, are unalienable, and should be shared alike by all. The day is passed when a selfish anxiety for our own advancement is a sufficient justification for striving to overthrow unjust institutions. The attempt was always futile when such was the motive. Men are always pressing onward, but always retarded in their upward flight, because they do not adhere steadily to principle. Of course, a nation or individual is justified in agitating for the largest amount of liberty, but entirely undeserving of success, if their aspirations be bounded by their own wrongs. Such ever appear to have been the aim of those Irishmen in America, who have openly avowed their sentiments, and thus, abundant reason is afforded for the failure of their attempts. Success could never wait on such unworthy motives. Irishmen must learn, and apply this truth, before they shall gain respect for their opinions at home or abroad. Just in proportion as they repudiate the teachings of John Mitchell and T. F. Meagher, and all others who would unworthily stimulate their fierce and angry passions, will be the real respect in which they shall be held in America.

Glowing eloquence, poured out like a flood—and like a flood destructive by its force—will not move masses of men in the present day to the performance of any great deeds; we must have good and solid reasons to guide us, not frothy appeals to our passions; for, with all our folly and thoughtlessness, there is yet sufficient good sense at the bottom to cause us to reject, at the end, wild speculations which keep the world in hot water, and lead to no permanent good results.

Messrs. Mitchell and Meagher have done more, by weakening men's faith in human virtue and honor, to retard the progress of truth and justice in Ireland, than even our young men shall live to see done away with even by true patriots and more consistent men. Yet I would say to all my countrymen, despair not; for, in despite of all drawbacks, man goes onward in freedom, in civilization, and in virtue.

I am, my dear sir, very truly yours,

JAMES HAUGHTON.

P. S. The publication of this letter was deferred, because of Mr. Meagher's sad bereavement just at the time it was written. May the sorrow which has been awakened in his heart arouse him to higher and nobler sentiments, and cause him to devote his talents in future to sustaining the rights of the colored man as well as of the white man in the land of his adoption.

From the National Era.

TERRITORIAL EXPANSION — THE POSITION OF THE HON. GERRIT SMITH.

In his speech on the Gadsden treaty, and in reply to a remark of Mr. Benton, Gerrit Smith said:

"But, with all deference to that distinguished gentleman, who is even more full of learning and experience than I am, I am willing to admit, that the more land we get from Mexico, (by righteous means) the better. I would that the treaty gave us whole provinces; yes, even Mexico."

For we need not be brought under radically transforming influences. Indeed, she is perishing for the lack of them. It is for her life, that she cease to be an independent nation; and not only so, but also, that she become a part of our nation. For, say what we will of its faults and crimes, (and I look with very great sadness of heart upon some of them,) our nation is the mightiest of all the civilizing and renovating agencies that are at work in the world."

An abstract declaration or aspiration, in itself praiseworthy, uttered in certain circumstances, without proper qualifications, may prove decidedly mischievous. We fear Mr. Smith has illustrated the truth of this remark in the foregoing paragraph. It might be beneficial to Mexico, were several States at liberty to act upon a proposition for their admission as States into this Union—and we should apprehend no danger, under such circumstances, of the extension of slavery. Those States, having excluded the institution, would not tolerate it. But, there is no question of this kind before either country. No such policy is dreamed of. The policy proposed by the Slave Interest is, to secure a Southern route for a railway to the Pacific, so as to forward the slaves for laboring on the continent, establishing a port on that coast, and to obtain from Mexico, through some port, a slave port like Santa Anna, from time to time, so much of her territory as is fit for slave labor, and may be assimilated readily with the slaveholding states of our republic. This is the only practical question in regard to territorial acquisition, so far as our relations with Mexico are concerned.

Now, we submit, that the unguarded declarations of Mr. Smith, in the foregoing paragraph, so far from militating against, must give aid and countenance to, this policy. Had General Cass uttered them, they would have been in keeping with the doctrines of the Congregational Association of Connecticut, and just opposite to this notion of Burns, we find this announcement:

"THE SERMON.—Before the Association, was preached by Rev. Mr. Weld, of Stratford. The introductory service was conducted by Rev. Dr. PLUMER, of Boston, delegate from the Presbyterian (Old School) General Assembly.

This notorious individual, we find the following antecedent in an old document. Speaking of the anti-slavery movement in this country, he says:

"A few things are perfectly clear to my mind. 1. The more speedy, united, firm and solemnly resolute but temperate expression of public opinion on this subject in the whole South, the better it will be for the North, for slaveholders, and generally for the slaves."

"2. If abolitionists will set the country in a blaze, it is but fair that they should have the first warning of it."

"Lastly—Abolitionists are, like infidels, wholly unadmitted to martyrdom for opinion's sake. Let them understand that they will be caught, if they come among us, and they will take good heed to keep out of our way. There is not one man among them who has any more idea of sheeting his broadsword on the slaves, than of laying it on the ground. Their universal spirit is to stand off and bark and growl at men and institutions, and daring to march for one moment into their midst, and attack them with apostolic ferociousness."

"With sentiments of great respect, I remain yours, WM. S. PLUMER."

It is further to be noted that this same Dr. Plumer was for many years supported as a pastor in Virginia, by the labor of slaves, belonging to the church, and hired out on every Christmas to the highest bidder.

Yet while the *Congregationalist*, and the churches which it represents, extend the right hand of fellowship to this embodiment of a slaveholding and slave-catching religion, they lift their hands in pious horror when a practical exemplification of his doctrines is given them in the recapture of Burns.

What, then, is Mr. Smith's practical position, but an abandonment of the policy which protests against any slave territory? What is it but the very position of the party which, under the lead of Pierce, Cushing and Davis, is now seeking the annexation of Cuba?

Let Cuba come, if she wishes.

She belongs to us by force of geographical position.

Let her come, even if she should not previously have abolished slavery.

Slavery, under our institutions, will be short-lived.

I would not give \$100,000,000 for her, but when she wishes, let her come.

Nor would I have her wait always for the consent of the Spanish government.

At East Livermore, Me., with great effect,

To every one of these propositions, except the negative on the \$100,000,000 purchase, Gen. Cass, Gen. Pierce, and Gen. Cushing, say yea and amen. In what single point, then, does the position of Mr. Smith practically differ from theirs? We will not compare their motives, or their principles. The only question regards their policy, and here they practically reach the same conclusion—with this exception—they are willing to give two hundred millions, or more, for Cuba, while he would not give a hundred millions. Slavery is no insuperable objection to Mr. Smith, because it will stand a better chance for abolition under our institutions than under Spanish institutions! Slavery is no insuperable objection to them, for what reason, Heaven knows; all we know is, that to their special friends at the North, they would assign the very reason Mr. Smith does. Have we forgotten that the annexation of Texas was urged by R. J. Walker upon the North for a similar reason?

The refusal of the consent of the Spanish Government could not be had, if the Spanish, if Cuba, wished to be annexed, it is none to them. Now, suppose the Cubans should plainly signify their desire for independence, and go so far as to engage in a civil war against Spain, they would then have gone as far as possible "to come to us." What would Mr. Smith recommend? After having encouraged them to take such a step—for that is the tendency of his speech—would he leave them without aid? But the attempt to extend them a helping hand would involve us necessarily in a war with Spain.

We put the question—suppose all the Anti-Slavery men of the country should take Mr. Smith's position in regard to Mexico and Cuba, and territorial acquisitions generally, where should we be? What restraint would trammel this Administration? Full reign would be given to the Slave Power, and its wildest dreams of conquest and aggrandizement would speedily become realities.

In special reference to Cuba, we have a few words to say. We have certainly not succeeded so well in the management of slavery in this country, that we can afford to add to our embarrassments, by complicating it with Cuban slavery. Under our institutions, since the organization of the Government, our slaves have increased from six hundred thousand to three millions; and now, when the public opinion of the South has retrograded so much as it advances, the system on Principle, instead of existing in its plain sense of necessity, the proposition to add six hundred thousand "chattels personal" were at once converted into human beings and fiends.

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Upon the occasion of the anniversary of the birth of the Commonwealth, we have chosen a Committee of Arrangements: FRANCIS JACKSON, SAMUEL MAY, JR., BOURNE SPOONER, THOMAS J. HUNT, LEWIS FORD, PHILANDER SHAW, BRIGGS ARNOLD, ELBRIDGE SPRAGUE, SAMUEL Dyer.

Among the speakers on the occasion will be WENDELL PHILLIPS, THOMAS W. HIGGINSON, EDMUND QUINCY, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, STEPHEN S. AND ABBY K. FOSTER, NATHANIEL H. WHITING, &c.

In case the weather should prove stormy, the meeting will be held in the commodious Town Hall, adjacent to the Grove.

CELEBRATION AT HOPEDALE.

BOSTON, JULY 21, 1854.

FIRST OF AUGUST.

The approaching Anniversary of one of the noblest and holiest deeds which have ever graced the history of Nations and of our Race,—the voluntary and peaceful EMANCIPATION of EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND slaves in the British West India colonies—will be duly commemorated by the MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, by a Mass Meeting at the beautiful Abington Grove. Let us so fitly use the occasion, as largely to swell that popular feeling, whose rising tide shall sweep away every vestige of American Slavery.

SPECIAL TRAINS, at half the usual fares, both for adults and children, will be run by the Old Colony Railroad Co. on that day. Leave Boston at 9th, A. M.—Plymouth at 9th, A. M. Returning, leave the Grove about 5 o'clock.

The following persons have been chosen a Committee of Arrangements: FRANCIS JACKSON, SAMUEL MAY, JR., BOURNE SPOONER, THOMAS J. HUNT, LEWIS FORD, PHILANDER SHAW, BRIGGS ARNOLD, ELBRIDGE SPRAGUE, SAMUEL Dyer.

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CELEBRATION AT HOPEDALE.

Under the auspices of the Hopedale Community, it is proposed that a general Mass Meeting of the Friends of Universal Freedom be held at some suitable place upon the domain of said Community, on the First Day of August, ensuing, for the purpose of expressing their gratitude and joy for that noble act of the British Government, our slaves have increased from six hundred thousand to three millions; and now, when the public opinion of the South has retrograded so much as it advances, the system on Principle, instead of existing in its plain sense of necessity, the proposition to add six hundred thousand "chattels personal" were at once converted into human beings and fiends.

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THE COVENANT WITH DEATH.

The Commonwealth reiterates its statement, that the burning of the Constitution [at Framingham, July 4th.] was witnessed with disgust and indignation by a large number of those who were assembled on that occasion. Be it so—the act was not performed to please any one, except the actor, who has a hand in doing what he conceives to be his duty, without stopping to inquire how many or how few will approve his conduct. But it was not so. A few outliers were made by some half dozen interlopers who were roundly inclined, and rightly described last week; but, finding they could get no sympathy, and were strongly rebuked by those around them, they slunk away, covered with shame and confusion of face—especially after the scathing castigation given to them by Mr. Remond and Mr. Cluer. The deed was ratified by a general shout on the part of the great assembly—an assembly never surpassed for intellectual and moral worth. I have no doubt there were some excellent friends of the slave present, who were taken by surprise at the novelty of the transaction, and who gave no audible sanction to it; it may have made them disquiet, but they manifested neither disquiet nor indignation.

These feelings were exhibited only by some vile persons already sufficiently characterized. As neither of the editors of the Commonwealth was present, they cannot testify as eye-witnesses.

I am only desirous that the truth should be known—not to prove that, for once at least, I had the voice of the multitude with me.

The Commonwealth kindly informs us that it knows of no one who objects to my burning the Constitution, provided I get up a private bonfire on my own account; but the offence was, in doing the deed "before all Israel and the sun." It was "insulting" (!) the convictions of others, whose views of the Constitution are as honest, and perhaps as sensible, as my own.

I should, however, be sorry to be compelled to burn the whole nation in fire.

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THE SCENES IN BOSTON ON THE SECOND DAY OF JUNE.

grave at Dumfries, Scotland, crossed the Atlantic, and now to have pleased in Boston streets in his imprisoned and about-to-be-sacrifice colored namesake's behalf, in his own world-wide known words, with a slight alteration of them for better adaptation to this new Boston kidnapping case:—“And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars; but the end is not yet.” After sketching matters as they now stand in the old world, in present illustration and fulfillment of this prophecy, the sermon closes as follows with a sketch of things as they now stand in the new, particularly in reference to the late renditions:

Long before I can finish delivering one of these sermons—almost before you can take breath—they got the news in New Orleans that the Fugitive Slave Law had triumphed again in the city of Boston; that Boston had hewed her neck down very low again at the foot of the Slave Power, and turned whipper-in to the South, and ordered off all her soldiers to help her catch her slaves, from under the very shadow of Bunker Hill and Fenwick Hall! What would Samuel Adams and John Hancock, and Joseph Warren say, could they rise up from their graves and see that sight? What did they say and think and feel about it, as from their spiritual estate, they hovered over that disgraceful procession, when, at half past two o'clock, on Friday, the 2d of June, it moved down the King street of '75 and '76, to send a minister of the gospel back to slavery? Is not that enough to make an American, a Bostonian, shed tears of blood and shame in the year of grace 1854, and of the so-called—falsely called, if independence means freedom—of the United States, the seven-eighths?

Such a period of excitement, and so extensive a one, I think has not swept over the country since the Revolution. That produced by the arrest and trial of Dr. Webster for the murder of Dr. Parker, a few years since, was of a very different kind, and far less extensive in its effects, and significant and important in its consequences; was far more domestic, so to speak, and local in its character and result. It would not take many such as we now speak of, to settle our doubts, or slavery, in this country.

I need not go into the particulars of the trial—the Fenwick Hall meeting—the attempt at a rescue, which, with a little more force and concert of action, might have succeeded—the death of Bacheholder, or otherwise—the effort to buy Burns, at the price first asked for him—the final refusal to sell him on any consideration—the telegraphic orders from Washington to send him back at any rate, and by all means—the Slave Power wanted him for a trophy—they wanted to humble and insult Boston and the North—the despised Yankees to the utmost, and on the very heels, and in the very midst of their sorest feelings of disappointment, grief and indignation about the violation of the Missouri Compromise, on the part of the South, in the passage of the Nebraska Bill. They wanted to show and prove how far they could go in wounding their feelings, and degrading them as “cowards in their own esteem,” as well as in every body's else. They wanted to prove their thorough and determined mastery over them. And here I might dwell upon the meanness and wickedness of attempting to take off the edge of the public sympathy in behalf of the prisoner, and cheat the community into a disbelief of the horrors of the hell to which it was resolved to return him, by a lying report of his conversation with his master, that he was willing to go back to Virginia; at which, when it was read in his presence at the trial, he shook his head very emphatically, to indicate that it was false;—and so the arrest and trial of Anthony Burns was fittingly begun and ended with a lie. In the first place, he was arrested on Wednesday, the 24th of May last, at about 8 o'clock in the evening, in Court street, Boston, on the false charge of burglary, but “told that if he kept quiet, he should not be harmed.” (Only think of that!) Then, at the close of the so-called trial, he was lying reported to have said that he was willing to go back, at which the poor slandered, belied, doomed prisoner could only shake his head, in contradiction and condemnation of the falsehood!

Now, in the annals of the Inquisition, can you conceive of anything more fiendish than this? And shall not these things be pressed against? Shall not the minister of the gospel ring the alarm again and again, when a brother minister and church-member, when a brother man is sacrificed on the altar of slavery; when he sees one of the vilest and most ruthless oligarchies that ever ruled, allowed, nay, encouraged and aided by his own fellow-citizens to proceed deliberately to the ruin of the land of his birth and his pride, of his ancestors and his descendants—to the destruction of the Republic, and all its attendant blessings and prosperity, which the sages, patriots and heroes of the Revolution labored so hard, and shed their blood to procure, and to bequeath, blood-bought, to us their descendants, and prepare, that oligarchy are now so sedulously and ruthlessly engaged in doing, one of the blackest futures for his children—blackest for religion, for Christianity, for education, for the progress and prospects of the race, for the cause of freedom and humanity, the best hopes of man and the oppressed throughout the globe—that the human mind ever predicted, or the world ever saw? And yet, I said I shall not repeat these particulars, which have given rise to these reflections. You know them all. The papers were full of them. It is sufficient to say, that the trial lasted a week, amid an intense excitement, and martial music on all sides and quarters resounding through the streets, announcing what was feared, and what it was thought necessary to summon up to meet and overcome what was feared. It ended in favor of the claimant, and against the prisoner. Burns must be sent back to Virginia.

And now commence the preparation and arrangement for getting him to the revenue-cutter that was to bear him back, as one writer says—and one of the best and most impressive that have spoken on the occasion—“either to a life of the most rigid slavery, or, more probably, to a death of protracted torture under the lash”;—and all for what? For having dared to do what we boast of having done three quarters of a century ago; for his having escaped from a bondage far more cruel than that which we annually, with loud pomp and show, congratulate ourselves and thank Heaven that our ancestors resisted, even unto blood, according to the immortal maxim that “Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God”;—and all for what? Because he had the soul of a freeman, a hero, and scorned to be a slave!

And yet I would not close this sermon, and our present brief, hasty glance at affairs, hopelessly. I would remember with joy and gratitude that, on that side of the Atlantic and on this, the contest is simplifying itself; down to one between Freedom and Oppression—Right and Wrong. I would remember that we have God on our side—that we have the best part of the world on our side—the conscience of the world, even among our foes, on our side—the interest and welfare and prosperity of the world overwhelmingly on our side—art, literature, genius, poetry, the spirit of the age, all on our side. I would especially take encouragement from the Savior's closing words here:—“But the end is not yet.” For what was the end and issue of those temporary “wars and rumors of wars” to which he referred? Why, the spread of the Christian religion, long after they had died away and were forgotten, like the mountain mist-wreaths when the sun has risen. And may it not be so again?—that this is only another terrible struggle and crisis, through which the new religion has got to pass to the North, who will be altogether too much for them. Now, after what she has said had proved true, and had become a matter of history, where were the men and women who then demanded her so loudly? Instead of coming to the meeting and acknowledging their mistake, they were more dead than ever, and as indifferent as though there were not the slightest indication.

Mr. Emerson and the Mayor retired from the room,

but soon returned, and, in violation of the engagement, said that they had concluded not to allow any fee to be taken at the door on Sunday evening, but that Mrs. Coe could have the hall that evening free of expense, on condition that no fee was to be taken. Of course, as Mrs. Coe had never supposed that she was dealing with other honorable men, who, having made an agreement, would keep it, she had given me no power to stipulate for a second bargain; and if she had done so, I could not stand dallying with a set of officers who would make a bargain one minute, and break it the next, especially as I could have no assurance, after what had transpired, that even this last proposal might not be changed for yet another.

Now, Mr. Editor, there are a few remarks that I wish to make in reference to these extraordinary proceedings.

In the first place, these facts show a deliberate refusal, on the part of Mr. Emerson and the Mayor, to fulfil a positive engagement.

Secondly: the plies of religious scruples seems extraordinary, inasmuch as, in other places, quite as intelligent and Christian as Nashua, the same thing is done, without even an apprehension of wrong.

Thirdly: religious bodies have long been in this habit, and such precedents, it is presumed, will be very potent with the authorities of Nashua.

Fourthly: the taking pay for the hall, on Sunday evening, did not seem, in itself, a profanation of the day.

Fifthly: the letting of the under part of the building for concerts, on Sunday evenings, with an admission fee, has not seemed to wound the religious sensibilities of the powers that be in Nashua. Perhaps they act on the principle of the good lady, who told her children that they must play in the back yard on the Lord's Day, or the baker, who sold his loaves from the front door on week days, but told those of his customers who wanted bread on Sunday, that they must come to the back door.

Now, one of two things is certain in this case. Either

municipal officers are not bound by their engagements, or they are. If the former, then there is fully entering into an agreement with them, since they may annul it at will. If the latter, then these officers have clearly made themselves liable to the speaker in damages to a very considerable amount, as can be proved by the receipts of her former lectures.

It is unnecessary for me to say, that Mrs. Coe is a lady extensively known as a woman of a very high intellectual and moral culture, who is devoting her time and eminent talents to a cause which she believes to be of the highest importance to the human race, and many thousands of the most intelligent who have listened to her gifted pleadings, most sincerely and deeply share her convictions. She will yet, we hope, be heard in Nashua.

Met pursuant to adjournment. The meeting was called to order by the President. The report of the nominating committee was then taken up, and adopted.

Mr. Garrison addressed the meeting, showing most

affection for the cause.

There were an Antony

Should rouse up your spirits, and put a tongue

in every ringing moment, that should move

The 'very' stones to rise and mutiny.

Again, in the second—his name of Burns—did not

the spirit of Robert Burns seem to have risen from his

grave at Dumfries, Scotland, crossed the Atlantic, and now to have pleased in Boston streets in his imprisoned and about-to-be-sacrifice colored namesake's behalf, in his own world-wide known words, with a slight alteration of them for better adaptation to this new Boston kidnapping case:—as that multitude stood there, surrounding the court-house—filling the streets—thronging the Melodeon—gathered in from all parts of the country—burning with shame and indignation, and only restrained by the utter hopelessness of the attempt, against such odds of power and ball, from an effort to rescue the prisoner:—

“Now's the day and now's the hour,

See the front of battle lower,

See approach proud Prince's power,

Chained slavery!

Who would be a traitor know?

With so base to be a slave?

Who would fill a coward's grave?

Let him turn and flee!

“Lay the proud oppressor low!

Tyrants fall in every for!

Liberty's in every blow!

Let us do or die!”

And yet, in spite of the double inspiration in his very name, we must send him back to the hell of slavery! And now, hedged in by one thousand men, comprising the twenty companies of Boston volunteers, three companies of United States troops—two thousand men in all—and a formidable field-piece, amid the jeers and groans and hisses of an outraged and exasperated multitude, stung with shame and disappointment, fired with indignation, overwhelmed with grief—the streets hung with mourning—under a coffin, with Liberty appropriately placed upon it—on Friday, the 2d of June, 1854, at half past two o'clock, P. M., they move with their victims down State street to T wharf, and the revenue cutter; and a second base, and mean, and wicked concession is made to the faithless, treacherous South; a second time we have disgraced our own soil, and profaned the ashes of our ancestors, by executing on both the infamous Fugitive Slave Bill; a second freeman of Massachusetts—a minister of the gospel—had been sent back by Boston to slavery, in spite of his name—and thus the Slave Power has triumphed!

BUTCHER

has triumphed more; so much so,

that the Richmond *Enquirer* says, “We rejoice at the recapture of Burns, but a few more such victories, and the South is undone.” Outrageous as all this has been, it has been one of the best things for the cause of anti-slavery that ever took place. It seems to have almost insulated the North into some signs of life, and some degree of indication that there may possibly be another ‘76. Yet it has roused the church and clergy, and to a great extent, united them; silencing, may we not hope for ever, their little petty, miserable, sectarian strife and pursuits about fine-spun points of doctrine, or mere theological theories, while iniquity thrives apace, and the world was going to ruin—while the Slave Power was making its encroachments, and the Republic was rushing to its destruction. It has done a good deal more than this, but I have neither time nor room now to dwell upon it.

I have said abundantly enough to prove that ‘we live in exciting times’—“and yet, I have said nothing about another thing—that, at the very time Boston was again turning slave-catcher, the chivalry of the South are, in open day, mustering their forces, in defiance—shall we rather say, at the convivances of Government, and preparing to embark at New Orleans for a lawless filibustering descent upon Cuba. And so, before we have got through with the first century of Millville, were very poorly attended. It must have been evident to all who have attended meetings in Blackstone in former days, that there has been a great falling off of anti-slavery feeling in this town. There are various opinions as to the cause of this decline of anti-slavery life in Blackstone. Some think it is owing to the influence of the pro-slavery priests of the town exerting over the people. This is probably true, in some degree, of Millville, at least, which has sadly degenerated from what it was when Rev. Wm. H. Fish occupied one of its pulpits. Others are of the opinion that the Free Soil party, many of whose members seem to be of the religious bodies of the country.

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POETRY.

For the Liberator.
TO CARRIE,
On reading her Poem, "Capture of Burns."

Thou hast spoken bravely, Carrie!
And my innocent thought is stirred,
With heart and tongue to greet thee
With some fondly spoken word.

Thou'ret working bravely, Carrie!
And I feel that thou art one,
That ne'er will idly tarry.
While there's work that must be done.

With a purpose strong and holy,
With an earnestness and might,
Thou art laboring for the lowly,
Thou art toiling for the right.

Peace and solace thou art giving
To the grieved, unquiet breast,
Dropping a word in season
To th' oppressor and oppressed.

Fearless, each web, unsightly,
From the darkness brush away;
Bring out each evil plotter
To the sunny light of day.

True hearts now beat with pleasure,
In answer to thine own;
With a quick and joyous measure,
For the spirit thou hast shown.

This humble token, Carrie:
Responsive to the true,
And in honor of thy valor,
Accept from loving

LUK.

Hardwick, Mass., June 30, 1854.

OF all the "divines" in this country, we do not know of one who is quite so swollen with self-conceit, protechnical and jargonic in manner and matter, biggied-piggied in thought and expression, pedantic in literary and scholastic display, facile and trimming in action, and eccentric and Cox-comical in all things, as the Reverend Doctor SAMUEL HANSON COX, of New York. Here is a poetical (!) ode from his pen, for the 4th of July, 1854, published in the *Journal of Commerce*. Its bombast and flattery are matched only by its impudence and falsehood, in view of the millions in chattel slavery on our soil—the hunting of flying fugitives—the appalling strides and impious purposes of the Slave Power—it always sway over the religion and politics of the country—&c. &c.—*Ed. Lib.*

THE FOURTH OF JULY—1854.

BY REV. S. H. COX, D. D.

America, hail! happy land of the West,
For freedom and glory forever the best;
We welcome with jubilant gladness the morn
That heralds the day when our nation was born.
We think of our sires with high pleasure's acclaim,
Their noble resolve and their patriot aim;
Their great DECLARATION appealed to the sky,
That shook all the nations that FOURTH OF JULY.
The tyrants all felt it; its thundering ban
Shook them, exalting the interests of man;
The duties, the rights of the species displayed,
And left all usurpers forever afraid. (!!!)

Here freedom established, prevails and endures; (!!)
Religious and civil, our country ensures;
The relies of bondage that monarchs have made,
Are doomed from our hist'ry to lessen and fade.

Then man shall be free in this world of the West,
Our country's example the oldest and best:
They great Benefactor, America, own,
JENOVAH our SATORON supreme on his throne.

UNION the charm of our strength and our name,
E PLURIBUS UNUM our motto of fame;
From ocean to ocean united and free,
We are but the shadow of all we shall be.

Yet own it, and tell it, to one and to all,
UNITED WE STAND, BUT DIVIDED WE FALL;
Away then with party and sectional pride,
With paltry ambition to treason allied.

Away with all croakers of danger and doom,
Since, trusting in God, we have glory, not gloom!
America, hail, then! our dear native land,
Thy people, self-governed, have here the command.

Each virtue in progress, our prosperous sway
Shall shed on all nations a glorious day;
Not Italy's despot, nor hell's horrid king,
Nor one of their brood, shall our terminus bring. (!!)

We love our whole country; of many, 'tis one;
Each man, in each State, the political son
Of our country's great sires, our own WASHINGTON,
In war, and in peace, still unequal'd, alone.

The North and the South, and the East and the West,
We know them, we love them, our honestest, the best;
One nation are all; its constituent parts
Are members in common, and dear to our hearts.

Its body is one, so colossal and grand,
Seen soon afar in its lofty command:
America! thine of all nations the sway;
With truth, and religion, and freedom, thy day.

Can suffer no night; while our flag floats unfurled,
Its stars and its stripes, o'er the freedom-blast world
Jehovah endures, and our country defends;
He sits with Christians, (!!) our own faithful friends.

America, hail, then! with such PATRON blest,
Careering in glory, first-born of the West;
Thy millions all love thee, thy splendid confess
For freedom and wisdom forever the best. (!!)

Here is another "patriotic" rhapsody, published in the same *Journal of Commerce*, (a paper not surpassed in pro-slavery malignity and perverseness,) which is almost a match for that of the Reverend Doctor aforesaid.—

A LYRIC OF THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Day of the Soul! when Valor's hand
Rolled back the darkness from our land—
Called FREEDOM from the tyrant-tomb,
And clothed her with immortal bloom,
Then, as she burst the icy bars,
Placed on her brow a wreath of stars,
And heard her clarion-voices cry,
In thunder the earth and sky—
"No tyrant-hand shall blast my soul!"—
No priestly-power shall grasp the rod!—
My kingdom—*Love!*—my monarch—God!—

II.

Day of the Free! what millions now,
With flashing eye and lifted brow,
From where old Plymouth rears his Rock
Majestic over Ocean's shock,
To California's rivers rolled,

In music through their banks of gold—
What joyous millions tell the time
When MAN at last arose sublime,
And swore—that one, thus made by Him,
But lesser than the Cherubim,

No more should spread the vassal-seas
Before the heaven-uprising priest—
No more should hold his soul a slave
To bloated kings, on Pharaoh's grave—
No more should hear a grinding chain

Clank horror over land or main—
No more should let the bigot's bars
Hide heaven's own pure, eternal stars,
But that mankind would break the sod,
From tyrant-blight restore the sod,—

Their kingdom—*Love!*—their monarch—God!

THE LIBERATOR.

SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS.

AN ADDRESS.

Delivered at the Anti-Slavery Celebration at Framingham, July 4th, 1854.

BY HENRY D. THOREAU, OF CONCORD, (MASS.)

I lately attended a meeting of the citizens of Concord, expecting, as one among many, to speak on the subject of slavery in Massachusetts; but I was surprised and disappointed to find that what had called my townsmen together was the destiny of Nebraska, and not of Massachusetts, and that what had to my mind would be entirely out of order. I had thought that the house was on fire, and not the prairie; but though several of the citizens of Massachusetts are now in prison for attempting to rescue a slave from her own clutches, not one of the speakers at that meeting expressed regret for it, not one even referred to it. It was only the disposition of some wild lands a thousand miles off, which appeared to concern them. The inhabitants of Concord are not prepared to stand by one of their own bridges, but talk only of taking up a position on the highlands beyond the Yellowstone river. Our Buttricks, and Davies, and Homers are retreating thither, and I fear that they will have no Lexington Common between them and the enemy. There is not one slave in Nebraska; there are perhaps a million slaves in Massachusetts.

They who have been bred in the school of politics fail now and always to face the facts. Their measures are half measures and make-shifts, merely. They put off the day of settlement indefinitely, and meanwhile, the debt accumulates. Though the Fugitive Slave Law had not been the subject of discussion on that occasion, it was at length fairly resolved by my townsmen, at an adjourned meeting as I learn, that the compromise compact of 1820 having been repudiated by one of the parties. Therefore . . . the Fugitive Slave Law must be repealed." But this is not the reason why an iniquitous law should be repealed. The fact which the politician faces is merely, that there is less honor among thieves than was supposed, and not the fact that they are thieves.

As I had no opportunity to express my thoughts at that meeting, will you allow me to do so here?

Again it happens that the Boston Court House is full of armed men, holding prisoner and trying a man, to find out if he is not really a SLAVE. Does any one think that Justice or God awaits Mr. Loring's decision? For him to sit there deciding still, when this question is already decided from eternity to eternity, and the unlettered slave himself, and the multitude around, have long since heard and assented to the decision, is simply to make himself ridiculous. We may be tempted to ask from whom he received his commission, and who he is that received it; what novel statutes he obeys, and what precedents are to him of authority. Such an arbiter's very existence is an impertinence. We do not wish to make up his mind, but to make up his pack.

I listen to hear the voice of a Governor, Commander-in-Chief of the forces of Massachusetts. I hear only the croaking of crickets and the hum of insects which now fill the summer air. The Governor's exploit is to review the troops on muster days. I have seen him on horseback, with his hat off, listening to a chaplain's prayer. It chances that is all I have ever seen of a Governor. I think that I could manage to get along without one. If he is not of the least use to prevent my being kidnapped, pray of what important use is he likely to be to me? When freedom is most endangered, he dwells in the deepest obscurity. A distinguished clergyman told me that he chose the profession of a clergyman, because it afforded the most leisure for literary pursuits. I would recommend to him the profession of a Governor.

Three years ago, also, when the Simms's tragedy was acted, I said to myself, there is such an officer, if not such a man, as the Governor of Massachusetts,—what has he been about the last fortnight? Has he had as much to do with the fate of the people during this moral earthquake? It seemed to me that no keener satire could have been aimed at, no more cutting insult been offered to that man, than just what happened—the absence of all inquiry after him in that crisis. The worse and the most chance to know of him is, that he did not improve that opportunity to make himself known, and worthily honored. He could at least have resigned himself into fame. It appeared to be forgotten that there was such a man, or such an office. Yet no doubt he was endeavoring to fill the gubernatorial chair all the while. He was no Governor of mine. He did not govern me.

But at last, in the present case, the Governor was heard from. After he and the United States Government had perfectly succeeded in robbing a poor innocent black man of his liberty for life, and, as far as they could, of his Creator's likeness in his breast, he made a speech to his accomplices, at a congratulatory supper!

I have read a recent law of this State, making it penal for "any officer of the Commonwealth" to "detain, or aid in the . . . detention," any where within its limits, "of any person, for the reason that he is claimed as a fugitive slave." Also, it was a matter of notoriety that a writ of replevin to take the fugitive out of the custody of the United States Marshal could not be served, for want of sufficient force to aid the officer.

I had thought that the Governor was in some sense the executive officer of the State; that it was his business, as a Governor, to see that the laws of the State were executed; while, as a man, he took care that he did not, by so doing, break the laws of humanity; but when there is any special important use for him, he is useless, or worse than useless, and permits the laws of the State to go unexecuted. Perhaps I do not know what are the duties of a Governor; but if to be a Governor requires to subject one's self to so much ignominy without remedy, if it is to put a restraint upon my manhood, I shall take care never to be Governor of Massachusetts. I have not read far in the statutes of this Commonwealth. It is not profitable reading. They do not always say what is true; and they do not always mean what they say. What I am concerned to know is, that that man's influence and authority were on the side of the slaveholder, and not of the slave—of the guilty, and not of the innocent—of injustices, and not of justice. I never saw him of whom I speak; indeed, I did not know that he was Governor until this event occurred. I heard of him and Anthony Burns at the same time, and thus undoubtedly, most well heard of him. So far am I from being governed by him. I do not mean that it was anything to his discredit that I had not heard of him, only that I heard what I did. The worst I shall say of him is, that he proved no better than the majority of his constituents would be expected to prove. In my opinion, he was not equal to the occasion.

The whole military force of the State is at the service of a Mr. Suttle, a slaveholder from Virginia, to enable him to catch a man whom he calls his property; but not a soldier is offered to save a citizen of Massachusetts from being kidnapped! Is this what all these soldiers, all this training has been for these seventy-nine years past? Have they been trained merely to rob Mexico, and carry back fugitive slaves to their masters?

These very nights, I heard the sound of a drum in our streets. There were men training still; and for what? I could with an effort pardon the cockrels of Concord for crowing still; for they, perchance, had not been beaten that morning; but I could not excuse this rub-a-dub of the "trainers." The slave was carried back by exactly such as these, i.e., by the soldier, of whom the best you can say in this connection is, that he is a fool made conspicuous by a painted coat.

Three years ago, also, just a week after the authorities of Boston assembled to carry back a perfectly innocent man, and one whom they knew to be innocent, into slavery, the inhabitants of Concord caused the bells to be rung and the cannons to be fired, to cele-

THE LIBERATOR.

THE LIBERATOR.

brate their liberty—and the courage and love of liberty of their ancestors who fought at the bridge. As if those three millions had fought for the right to be free themselves, but to hold in slavery three millions others. Now-a-days, men wear a fool's cap, and call it a liberty cap. I do not know but there are some, who, if they were tied to a whipping-post, and could get but one hand free, would use it to ring the bells and fire the cannons, to celebrate their liberty. So some of my townsmen took the liberty to ring and fire; that was the extent of their freedom; and when the sound of the bells died away, their liberty died away also; when the powder was all expended, their liberty went off with the smoke.

The joke could be no broader, if the inmates of the prisons were to subscribe for all the powder to be used in such salutes, and hire the jailors to do the firing and ringing for them, while they enjoyed it through the grating.

This is what I thought about my neighbors. Every human and intelligent inhabitant of Concord, when he or she heard those bells and those cannons, thought not with pride of the events of the 19th of April, 1775, but with shame of the events of the 12th of April, 1851. The other journals, almost without exception, by their manner of referring to and speaking of the Fugitive Slave Law, and the carrying back of the slave Simms, insulted the common sense of the country, at least. And, for the most part, they did this, one would say, because they thought to secure the approbation of their patrons, not being aware that a sounder sentiment prevailed to any extent in the heart of the Commonwealth. I am told that some of them have improved of late; but they are still eminently time-serving. Such is the character of liberty.

The *Liberator* and the *Commonwealth* are the only papers in Boston, as far as I know, which made themselves heard in condemnation of the cowardice and meanness of the authorities of that city, as exhibited in '51. The other journals, almost without exception, by their manner of referring to and speaking of the Fugitive Slave Law, and the carrying back of the slave Simms, insulted the common sense of the country, at least. And, for the most part, they did this, one would say, because they thought to secure the approbation of their patrons, not being aware that a sounder sentiment prevailed to any extent in the heart of the Commonwealth. I am told that some of them have improved of late; but they are still eminently time-serving. Such is the character of liberty.

Only they are guiltless, who commit the crime of contempt of such a Court. It behoves every man to see that his influence is on the side of justice, and let the courts make their own characters. My sympathies in this case are wholly with the accused, and wholly against the accusers and their judges. Justice is sweet and musical; but injustice is harsh and discordant. The judge still sits grinding at his organ, but it yields no music, and we hear only the sound of the handle. He believes that all the music resides in the handle, and the crowd tosses him his copper the same as before.

Do you suppose that Massachusetts which is now doing these things—which hesitates to crown these men, some of whose lawyers, and even judges, perchance, may be driven to take refuge in some poor quibble, that they may not wholly outrun their instinctive sense of justice, do you suppose that she is anything but base and servile?

Are they Americans? are they New Englanders? are they inhabitants of Lexington, and Concord, and Framingham, who read and support the *Boston Post, Mail, Journal, Advertiser, Courier, and Times*? Are these the Flags of our Union? I am not a newspaper reader, and may omit to name the worst.

But, thank fortune, this preacher can be even more easily reached by the weapons of the reformer than could the recreant priest. The free men of New England have only to refrain from purchasing and reading these sheets, have only to withhold their cents, to kill a score of them at once. One whom I respect told me that he purchased Mitchell's *Citizen in the cars*, and then threw it out the window. But would not his contempt have been more fatally expressed, if he had not bought it?

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